MRS. BURKE-ROCHE,

Herself a Great Favorite, Will Now Introduce a Grown-Up Daughter Into Society.

MRS. BURKE-ROCHE.

BY MRS. GREY-CANFIELD.
WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Burke-Roche was once Miss Frances Work of New York.

Though she is known all over the world as a great beauty and an undoubted belle, she has scarcely lived long enough to have attained the degree of fame which she now bears.

She is but 39 years old.

Her daughter, Cynthia, a debutante, is scarcely 18.

Younger than Miss Cynthia were boy twins.

When Miss Work married the Honorable James Boothby Burke-Roche and went to England it was thought that there was settled forever the fortunes of an American heiress.

Young Mrs. Burke-Roche was rich.

Young Mrs. Burke-Roche was pretty.

Young Mrs. Burke-Roche was popular and amiable and endowed with high and lovely social qualities.

When she came back to America a few years ago, bringing with her a burden of grief and babies her friends sympathized deeply with her, and during the years that have elapsed since then they have continued to sympathize.

The dignified conduct of Mrs. Burke-Roche; her fine demeanor; her splendid manner; her brilliant, though not flashy entertainments; her wonderful popularity and the air of mystery that has hung around her, all have combined to give her a place in general esteem.

DEVOTES MUCH OF HER TIME TO CYNTHIA.

Of suitors Mrs. Burke-Roche has had many. By right of law she can marry and her opportunities have not been lacking. But, thus far, she has distinguished herself by the assiduous care which she has bestowed upon her daughter, Miss Cynthia, and by the manner and method in which she has upheld the tone of American society.

It is only a few years since the social world was shaken by the effort which Mr. Burke-Roche made to get control and possession of his daughter, and for months there was talk of wild flights by night, of kidnaping and kindred things; all of which must have been unspeakably unpleasant for the devoted mother.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is one of the society women whose name has been held beyond reproach. Never has she been implicated, however remotely, with a scandal, and never has she had taught but the highest praise.

Young, beautiful, popular and wealthy beyond the dreams of women, she is still in the open market; but bold indeed will be the knight and brave who can carry her off.

Miss Burke-Roche has just made her bow to society. Cynthia is a tall, pretty girl, lithe and graceful. She is reedlike in her proportions, and is one of the loveliest girls of Newport. That she will make a distinguished match there is little doubt, for she is a girl upon whom nature has bestowed much.

Miss Cynthia and her mother are champion swimmers; both golf well; both automobile to perfection, and both are favorites in the ballroom.

The friends of Mrs. Burke-Roche wished her to keep back this daughter, but she would not listen to this, discarding the thought as being far too selfish.

POPULAR WITH CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

Around Mrs. Burke-Roche has always hung a halo of romance. She is very popular with Californian society, and entertains Westerners a great deal. In the South she spends much of her time, and she visits the Canadian carnivals every year.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is liked by all classes of society, and she is a great favorite in the sporting world, the world in which Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has gone, and the sporting world in which Mrs. Clarence Mackay has ventured very often.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is a personal friend of Mrs. William Astor, the arbitor of society; and there is the queerest whisper to the effect that Mrs. Astor's dearest wish was that Mrs. Burke-Roche should marry J. J. Van Alen, and take the place left vacant by the death of Mrs. Astor's dearest daughter.

However, this may be, the gossips will talk, and Mrs. Burke-Roche continues to live a life of contentedness, while J. J. Van Alen drags out his weary life with two daughters, one marriageable and disappointed, and the other recently married to Robert Collier.

Mrs. Burke-Roche has been called the belle of Newport and New York. Certainly neither city would know what to do without her.

Her house is always open.

Her daughter is always ready to entertain the debutante set.

Her drawing-rooms are always filled with people.

Her dinner table is broad and well served.

Her fortune is immense.

Her sympathies and interests wide and varied.

Her education is of the best, and she entertains lawyers, journalists, clergymen and men of many letters.

Mrs. Burke-Roche was reported engaged to Bourke Cochran. At one time she was said to be engaged to marry William Waldorf Astor. Her friends declare that she will yet wed Lord Roseberry, who has always immensely admired her, while her warmest admirers insist that she is wedded to her home and the interests of her daughter. Her son will some day be Lord Fermay, for there is only one old man between him, now, and the title.

AMELIA BINGHAM IS HER OWN MANAGER.

She Seeks Plays, Not Parts, and Finds Time to Produce Them, Play Leading Roles and Direct a Staff of Business Assistants.

AMELIA BINGHAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Amelia Bingham is the only woman in the United States who is managing a theatrical company and acting in it at the same time.

She is her own stage director and manager.

Her own costumer.

Her own play reader and producer.

Her own scenic designer

She attends personally and through well-trained subordinates to every detail of her company's business, even to the drawing up of baggage and billing contracts.

It was on January 15, 1901, that Miss Bingham's stock company made its debut with the production of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Climbers."

There is a curious bit of history about this. When Miss Bingham first sought a play, numbers of pieces with "star" parts were submitted to her, but she would have none of them. Speaking of that time, she says:

"I was convinced—I always have been, for that matter—that the play's the thing. Authors did not seem to comprehend that I wanted a play, not a part; that I wanted something for the Amelia Bingham Stock Company; not for Amelia Bingham alone. They did not know then that I wanted to make the name, 'Amelia Bingham,' the trade-mark."

Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers," possibly because it was not a "star" play, was submitted to Charles Frohman first, and afterwards to every manager of prominence in New York. It was refused by all. It remained for Miss Bingham to produce it. The piece proved a success.

For the present season Miss Bingham has bought a play by Haddon Chambers, called "A Modern Magdalen." After she had secured the play she set about securing capable players. She employed Wilton Lackaye, Joseph Holland, Henry E. Dixey, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Alfred Fisher, Robert Dudley, Hobart Bosworth, William Moore, Madge Carr-Cook, Adele Farrington, Lucille Spinney, Lillian Wright, Rose Braham, Maude Woffatt and Grace Cornish.

Having secured the play and signed her company, Miss Bingham set about booking her route—a labor of much magnitude, and one which she performed entirely alone, without any aid from that gigantic booking agency, the theatrical syndicate, with which, however, she is on friendly terms.

Weeks were taken up in deciding on the style and quality of "paper" to be used in advertising "A Modern Magdalen." Not a single lithograph was ordered without it having been first approved by Miss Bingham. All the details of scenery and scenic equipment, such as furniture and "properties," were passed upon by Miss Bingham. All this is hard work, of course, and all preparatory, but Miss Bingham says:

"I love work—hard work. No conscientious actress with the interest of her art in mind can get on without work. People who imagine that an actress can maintain a prominent place in the vast theatrical army without ceaseless industry are misinformed. Not only must she study to improve her acting; she must read, hear good music, become acquainted with the work of fine artists, do everything to stimulate imagination. There were doubters who told me I should never find time to act, to manage a theater, take care of a company and supervise my household. They told me my health would not stand such a strain. In spite of these I have found time to perform all my duties; to continue my interest in politics and finance; to keep up with the best literature and to devote considerable time to painting and music."

Miss Bingham was born in Hicksville, O., of a Methodist family who looked with disapproval on the theater. She, herself, did not turn to the stage until after her marriage to Lloyd Bingham, then an actor. Her first experience on the stage was with Mc-Kee Rankin, with whom she went on a tour of the Pacific Coast.

Her first appearance in New York was made at the People's Theater in "The Struggle for Life." She remained in New York and was engaged at Niblo's in "The Power of Gold." Then she worked uptown to the Fourteenth Street Theater, where she appeared in "The Village Postmaster." Thence she advanced to the American Theater, playing in "Captain Impudence" and in revivals of the Boucicault dramas. Charles Frohman saw her and engaged her for "The White Heather" at the Academy of Music.

Under Mr. Frohman she became prominent. After various parts in which she made a success she was chosen to replace Jessie Milward in "His Excellence the Governor" at the Empire Theater, and during the season of 1899 and 1900 she acted in the melodrama "Hearts Are Trumps."

It was at the conclusion of the run of this piece that she went to England for a rest. There she was surprised to note the success that had attended the work of the actress-managers there. She found them making a strong and successful fight against their masculine competitors.

She determined to enter the field. Lloyd Bingham, her husband, had quit the stage some years before. Becoming a stock broker on the New York Exchange, he won considerable wealth. Sympathizing with his wife's ambitions, his funds were at her disposal. The Amelia Bingham Stock Company was the result. She has no ambition to produce Shakespearean drama.

"I believe thoroughly in plays of modern life," she says, "but I do not want the cut-and-dried dramas of which the public is weary and which really mean nothing. It is a difficult task to find American plays, but it is these I am ardently looking for. When I build my theater—I shall do it some day—I hope to make it the home of the American drama."

ROMANCE OF HYPNOTIC WOOER ENDS IN JAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

With the arrest of Mr. Philip Doremus Watkins of Newport and California, a mysterious hypnotic romance has been abruptly brought to a close. All the evidence is alleged to indicate that this man, for all his family distinction and racial position, has played the part of a veritable Svengali, bringing misery to at least one, his wife, and sorrow to two families. Mr. Watkins has been landed behind the bars of a Montana jail on charges of a long list of embezzlement.

Serious as are these charges and widespread—for he is wanted in cities 3,000 miles apart—it is his alleged hypnotic powers which have caused most anguish. His wife, now returned to her family, a Miss Maude Schoonfeldt of Omaha, is believed to have come absolutely under his strange power. Meeting her quite by chance, and without so much as an introduction, it is said, he gained complete control over her will at once, and married her after less than a day's aquaintance.

In their subsequent travels, up to the time of the arrest, recently, an air of mystery seemed to surround the couple. Mrs. Watkins seemed always, however unwillingly, to be his absolute slave. On no other ground save that of hypnotism, it is claimed, can this mysterious relation, with all that it involved, be explained.

The entire courtship of this curious couple comprised something less than a single day. In these prosaic times love at first sight, a relative phrase at best, is probably very rare. What, then, is to be thought of a proposal and an acceptance almost literally at first sight?

The social position of the couple and the singular circumstance of their meeting lend added interest to such an experiment. They met, became aquainted, overcame obstacles which most people require months or years to overcome, all within a single day.

They met in a Pullman sleeper, journeying westward. The marriage ceremony was performed at the train's first stop after they had come to an understanding. Outside of the liveliest novels of adventure, or for that matter, where in them, in all fiction, may be found a parallel?

WATKINS DOES NOT SUGGEST DU MAURIER'S SVENGALI.

Mr. Philip Doremus Watkins is a very tall, athletic man, with an alert, dancing eye and a curiously magnetic manner. There is no suggestion of the immortal Svengali in his appearance. He is smooth shaven, with light hair, dresses according to the latest mode, and has charmnig manners. He is only 24 years old.

The man's unquestioned social position also lends peculiar interest to his remarkable career. Mr. Watkins's family in the East is no less distinguished than that of Mrs. Watkins's (nee Schonfeldt) in the West. His father, Doctor S. C. G. Watkins, is an old and wealthy resident of Montclair, N. J. Himself a dentist (he is president of the National Dental Association), Watkins's grandfather is the president of the Montclair Savings Bank, an institution rated at $2,000,000. An uncle, Mr. E. B. Goodell, is a prominent corporation lawyer of New York.

Mrs. Philip Doremus Watkins is well known in the most exclusive society of Omaha. A recognized belle and much of a social favorite, she has passed successfully through several seasons. Among the men of her circle she has been considered, with her fortune and beauty, a valuable prize. That she had remained single and been entirely her own choice.

All this detail is cited to throw light upon the present Mrs. Watkins's character and experience. At the time when she met young Watkins Maude Schonfeldt could not be considered unusually impressionable or immature. In other words, she was abundantly able to take care of herself.

The Pullman car which served as the setting for the first act of this strange romance was speeding rapidly westward. Miss Schonfeldt and young Watkins were each traveling alone. As the car spun on Miss Schonfeldt gradually became conscious of an intent gaze fixed upon her. She has since said that she seemed to feel the gaze concentrated upon her, no matter in what direction she might turn her eyes. All her friends agree that it was entirely foreign to Miss Schonfeldt's character that she should meet any stranger without formal introduction. After several hours, during which this mysterious influence had been busy, Mr. Watkins crossed to Miss Schonfeldt's section and took a place beside her. He only left it a few short hours later to lead her to the nearest clergyman.

Mr. Watkins represented himself, it is alleged, as the traveling agent of the Boston Fruit Exchange. His appearance lent credence to the tales he told of his family, his own wealth and position and his brilliant prospects for the future. Miss Schonfeldt accepted all his tales at their full face value, an instance of credulity, which, it is thought, would have been impossible to her in her normal character.

ACCEPTED HIS PROPOSAL AS HER FATE.

She accepted his proposal as fate. For his part, Watkins had everything to gain and very little to risk in an immediate marriage. The beauty of the face and figure beside him appealed to him, until her complete surrender may have flattered him. Watkins had no particular destination. Miss Schonfeldt, on the other hand, was traveling to visit her sister, a Mrs. A. T. Ball of Ogden.

Without question and apparently in blind submission to Watkins's will, she gave up the long-planned visit and continued westward with Watkins, sending a few brief lines to announce her changed plans to her sister, to which she affixed a signature which must have seemed amazing to her.

"The remarkable marriage ceremony took place at Ogden. Leaving the car, arm in arm, without waiting to complete the journey their tickets called for, they sought the nearest clergyman.'

The ceremony was of the simplest nature. Miss Schonfeldt sought no advice from friends, but blindly followed the will of this stranger. The legal form was sufficient to unite them in wedlock, and thus Mr. Watkins was able to avoid publicity in Ogden, where the friends of the bride might have caused him some embarrassment.

The knot tied, they boarded a west-bound train for San Francisco, Cal. The next appearance of this strange young man and his bride was June 22 at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, Cal. They were registered at the Hotel Arcadia. Watkins readily became popular among society persons, and was soon a leader in golf, tennis and ping-pong. Watkins, not satisfied with his personal success in society there, put forward his bride as a social entertainer.

Among her accomplishments Miss Schonfeldt was a well-trained musician. Her voice, naturally of rare quality, had been carefully cultivated, and was familiar in many drawing-rooms. During her stay at the Arcadia Hotel, during the weeks she lived completely under her husband's strang power, Mrs. Watkins, by earnest request, sang several times in the public parlor. She invariably begged to be excused, but finally, on her husband's urging, she would reluctantly consent.

She always chose the same song, "For All Eternity," and would begin to sing it with a peculiar charm which excited wonder and comment. Her voice rang out full of sadness, with a certain tragic pleading. Her hearers marveled, not at the sadness of the newly-wedded bride, but at what they considered her wonderful dramatic power.

STRANGE EFFECT OF A SAD SONG.

It was afterwards remembered that she invariably broke down in the middle of the song, and, crying softly to herself, would leave the room, with its astonished audience. At such times Watkins would rush after her and quickly return, leading her and apparently all but forcing her to finish her song. He was several times heard to order her to return with considerable sharpness. The strange influence exerted by the husbanad over his beautiful wife excited considerable comment. Many thought Watkins seemed to enjoy the exhibition of his peculiar power.

But by this time Mr. Watkins, for all his skillful makeshifts and dodging, it is alleged, found himself at about the end of his financial tether. There were several very indignant gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity who went to the trouble to send all the way across the Continent for news of their former friend. Checks were beginning to turn up unexpectedly, it is asserted, in a number of places, scattered widely all over the United States. At last the solicitations of his old friends became so pressing that several Pinkerton detectives were set upon the young man's trail. Thereafter it was only a question of days. Baffled at every point, the youthful Svangali was finally arrested and lodged in jail in Montana.

Meanwhile the spell, whatever it might be, was broken. His wife must leave him. Her home being closed to her she sought refuge with her sister at Ogden.

Once separated from the mysterious influence of her husband, her normal state of mind quickly returned. She passed from the strange state in which she had lived with her husband as from a dream. Once again she perceived her surroundings in their real perspective, and now she wonders at the strange trancelike span of her brief and tragic married life.

TWO THOUSAND MILES IN AN AUTO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Under the title "Two Thousand Miles in an Automobile," a bright little book has just been published by Lippincott of Philadelphia. The writer, "Chauffeur," is a resident of Chicago, and the trip was taken from that city to New York after a detour in the Eastern States. The writer digresses frequently from automobiling and discusses anarchy and Revolutionary history, as scenes suggest, but the book is entertaining, and a few of the brightest paragraphs, which follow, will be enjoyed by the practical automobilist:

Any woman can drive an electric automobile, any man can drive a steam, but neither man nor woman can drive a gasoline; it follows its own odorous will and goes or goes not, as it feels disposed.

About 500 miles is the limit of a man's ignorance; he then knows enough to make trouble. At the end of another 500 he is of assistance; at the end of the third he will run the machine himself. Your greatest pleasure is in the first 500. With some precocious individuals these figures may be reduced somewhat.

On country roads there is but one way to pass horses without risk and that is to let the horses pass the machine.

Fear is entirely a creature of the imagination. We are not afraid of what will happen, but of what may. We are all cowards until confronted with danger. Most men are heroes in emergencies.

The secret of good driving lies in this early and complete appreciation of difficulties and dangers encountered. "Blind recklessness" is a most expressive phrase; it means all the words indicate, and is contradistinguished from open-eyed or wise recklessness.

The timid man is never reckless, the wise man frequently is, the fool always; the recklessness of the last is blind; if he gets through all right he is lucky.

One must have a cool, quick and accurate appreciation of the margin of safety under all circumstances; it is the utilization of this entire margin, to the very verge, that yields the largest results in the way of rapid progress.

With the exception of professional and a few amateur whips, no one is ever taught how to drive. Most persons who ride—even country boys—are given many useful hints, lessons and demonstrations, but it seems to be assumed that driving is a natural acquirement.

If people knew half so much about horses as they think they do there would be no mishaps; if horses were half as nervous as they are supposed to be the accidents would be innumerable.

The truth is, the horse does very well if managed with a little common sense, skill and coolness.

It is of little use to be able to run thirty or forty miles on the level if at every grade or soft spot it is necessary to throw in the hill-climbing gear, therby reducing the speed to from four to six miles per hour; the resulting average is low. A carriage that will take the hills and levels of New York at the uniform speed of fifteen miles an hour will finish far ahead of one that is compelled to use low gears at every grade, even though the latter easily makes thirty or forty miles on the level.